

Pal. Look to thine owne well *Arcite*.

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thuslike Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Castor* both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theseus*,

We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falser neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise
Against this owne Edict followes thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*
Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie,
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,

What more then man is this!

Thes. I have sworne.

Arc. We seeke not

Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much; if in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beutie,

As

As I love most
As I have brou
As I have serv
As I dare kill th
So let me be mo
For scorning th
Why she is fair
Stay here to lov
I am a villaine

Pal. Thou

If unto neither
(As thou art ju
As thou art va
Whose 12. str
Lets die togeth
Onely a little l
That I may tell

Thes. I grant
Has ten times
More mercy th
Being no more
For ere the Sun

Hipol. Alas
Speake not to
Will beare the
For these lost C

Emil. In my
I finde no ange
The misadvent
Yet that I will b

My knees shall
Helpe me deare
The powers of

Most royall Bro

Hipol. Sir by

Emil. By ye

Hip. By tha

That faire hand